

FLIGHT

Lee Slonimsky

A hundred million years ago or more,
some tiny tree shrews opened up the door
to what became mammalian primacy
on land and, somewhat less, deep in the sea
but much less so in air. Bats only dare
to challenge raptors' winged supremacy
under dark's bleak cover; leave their lair
for insect feasts and furtive swirls of love,
but hardly mount a threat to hawks' fierce reign,
their broad winged mastery of winds above
and scurriers below, (our ancestors
who flit in dread of talons' scything pain).
Something there is about the light veined air
that says to mammals: STOP! (Land's lords beware.)

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